

# Robinson's MAGAZINE:

A REPOSITORY OF ORIGINAL PAPERS, & SELECTIONS FROM  
ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

Published every Saturday Morning, at Robinson's Circulating Library, No. 94, Baltimore-street.

---

VOL. I.] BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1818. [No. 2.

---

## EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A TRAVELLER VISITING ITALY. [Continued from p. 4.]

From the Edinburgh Magazine.

*Florence, 15th Oct.*

I AM at last safely lodged at Schneider's Hotel, in the midst of this beautiful city, and its still more beautiful environs. The Arno flows within a few yards of the door,—it is the boundary of one side of the street. I arrived here this morning at half-past nine, having passed two days and a half among the Appenines, being half a day longer than we took to pass the Alps. On both occasions exceedingly bad weather. It is now very cold,—much colder than I expected to find it, in this garden of Italy, as Tuscany is commonly called. My usual winter flannels are all put in requisition. I am just as well pleased now that I did not go on to Naples, as I once intended. This journey has been quite enough for me,—upon the whole hard work;—latterly roused at half-past two or three o'clock in the morning, after three or four hours' sleep. This was a revolution with a vengeance in my habits of life,—then miserable fare not eatable, to support the system under this extraordinary exertion.

This house of Schneider's is the most superb thing of the kind I have ever seen, and is at present filled with English people. My man, Vincenzo, has been more useful to me than I can possibly tell you,—he

MAG. VOL. I.

has, among other things, saved me a great deal of money during the journey; for the impositions upon travellers, who have nobody to fight their battles, and to know what is right and proper, and to give no more than is just, are enormous, and rascally to a degree that you have no idea of at home. Many a dreadful engagement he has had for me on the way, and much has his throat suffered in the cause within my astonished hearing. I should have been utterly pillaged if he had not been with me; I could not have had a morsel of any thing, without paying ten prices for it;—the *vetturino* would not interfere, because he always takes care to keep on the best terms with the *Aubergistes*. As it is, my journey has cost me 17 Louis (equal to L. 17 sterling) to the *vetturino*,—28 francs to his postillions,—and about 250 francs for breakfast, luncheons, wine, (drinkable wine,) and other little things. The 17 Louis is about one-half of the usual fare, but Cervelli was *returning* home, and wanted to get back as fast as he could. Robberies are now very frequent again on the road between Rome and Naples. I say *again*, because the French, when they had possession of the country, kept these vagabonds in complete order. Cervelli was stop-



ped on that road, and his crew of passengers together with himself and servants, plundered of every article they had,—he lost L. 25. The reappearance of these dangerous vagabonds, is owing to the number of disbanded soldiers, and the too gentle exercise of that power which ought to crush them:—they come two or three at a time, (according to their intelligence of the strength of the party they mean to rob,) and demand the money and goods of the travellers, and if any resistance is attempted, they give the signal to a body of thirty or forty at a little distance, which advances in a twinkling, and the whole travellers are murdered on the spot.

I am now in danger of becoming perfectly solitary in the midst of thousands of human beings. Vincenzo, who came from Paris with me, and has been so singularly kind and attentive to me, is obliged to go after his own affairs, and I fear will leave me altogether, for he talks of going back to his family (in Paris) in a very short time. This man is an admirable specimen of the Tuscan character,—were they all as good, they would not do for this world. I shall be exceedingly ill off without him, but necessity overrules every thing—even the wishes of a good heart. I wish you knew this man. I have never seen any thing like him in the lower walks of life.

In passing through Milan, I visited the celebrated cathedral there. It is a most superb edifice of marble, of amazing extent and richness, but *unfinished* for want of money or activity, or both. There are upwards of 4000 fine statues disposed on the outside of this building, besides a great number of figures in *relievo*. I think it is *too* rich,—such a vast profusion of ornament, so many projections of the walls, and so many spires shooting up from these projections, and crowned with statues

lost to the eye by their great elevation, seem to me not very well designed,—but still the whole astonishes one by its magnificent extent, and materials, and workmanship;—the inside is very spacious, and is peculiarly grand and solemn in its appearance. How poor is the appearance of our churches compared with this, even in its unfinished state! even as it is, what a glorious temple for the worship of God! The knees are naturally inclined to bend in it.

I went to the *Teatro della Scala*, (one of the finest in Europe,) and heard a very good opera, the musick by Carafa. Signora Testa (one of the finest singers in Italy) delighted me exceedingly; she was the chief support of the piece, but unluckily was taken ill, and lost her voice in the middle of the second act, so that the curtain fell before the opera was finished. She and Fodor in London, and Marandi in Paris, are the best singers I have heard. Her voice, intonation, expression, embellishment, and execution, were all delightful. The principal male singer (Signor Galli) has the most *profound* and sonorous bass voice I ever heard, and is a perfect Hercules in figure,—a tremendous looking fellow, with a neck like a bull, and features of animated bronze. Six Naldis in conjunction would not equal the solemn thundering roll of his deep-spreading voice; it filled the whole theatre, which is larger than the London Opera House. The stage is immense, contains six hundred people and forty horses with ease. The rest of the performers were *così così*. This theatre is very like the Opera-house in London, in the inside, but I do not think it is well constructed for the propagation of sound—a feeble voice is not heard in the middle of the pit. What do you think was the price of admittance? 30 sous, or 15 pence sterling! to the pit I mean. If you take a box for the night, and get six



or seven people to join with you, it will cost you no more. It is not well lighted—only one candelabra, and the foot-lights of the stage. — This gives it a gloomy appearance. People there (if they choose) light their own boxes, but there were only a few straggling candles in them, glimmering here and there amidst the dusky twilight of this large theatre. The ballet was very good and very splendid. Here they introduce a ballet *between* the acts of the opera, and I think injudiciously;— it spoils the connection of the piece. The scenery, dresses, and decorations, were much finer than at Paris. The orchestra is a very excellent one.

---

## VARIETIES.

---

### TOMBUCTOO, A CITY IN AFRICA.

THIS city, which was founded A. D. 1215, does not appear to have been very splendid. The houses were built in the form of bells; the walls of stakes or hurdles, plastered over with clay, and the roof with reeds interwoven together. One mosque, however, and the royal palace, were built with stone; the latter by an artist brought from Grenada. Cotton cloth was woven in great quantity. The merchants were extremely rich; and the King had married his daughters to two of their number. The inhabitants were copiously supplied with water; that of the Niger, whenever it overflowed, being conveyed into it by sluices. The country round abounded with corn, cattle, and all the necessities of life, except salt, which was brought from Tegazza, situated at a distance of 500 miles; which was held so valuable, that Leo had seen a camel's load sold for eighty ducats. The King had a splendid court, and many ornaments of gold, some of which weighed thirteen ounces. He maintained also three thousand horsemen, and a numerous infantry; many of whom were in the habit of using poisoned arrows. Horses were not bred, but imported from Barbary, and eagerly sought after; so that the King, whenever any number arrived, insisted on making a selection for himself, paying however, a handsome price. Manuscripts are particular-

ly mentioned, not only as one of the imports from Barbary, but as bringing more money than any other commodity. The inhabitants were mild and gentle, and spent a great part of the night in singing and dancing. The town was extremely exposed to fire. The religion was Mahomedan; but the intolerance, so strongly reported in modern times, is mentioned only in regard to the Jews, who are said to have been most rigorously excluded.

---

### RESTRICTIONS IN THE DRESS OF APPRENTICES, IN 1600.

APPRENTICES were not allowed to wear hats, nor any other covering on the head but a woollen cap; no ruffles, cuffs, loose collars, nor any thing more than a ruff at the collar, and that only a yard and a half long. Their doublets were to be of fustian, sackcloth, canvas, English leather or wollen, without any gold, silver, or silk trimmings. They wore cloth or kersey hose, but of no other colour than white, blue, or russet. Their breeches were always of the same material as the doublet, and was neither stitched, laced, nor embroidered. Their upper coat was of cloth or leather, without pinking, stitching, edging, or silk trimming. Sourtouts they were not allowed to wear, but instead thereof a cloth gown or cloak, faced with cotton, cloth, or baize, with a plain fixed round collar. No



pumps, slippers, or shoes were allowed them, but English leather, without being pricked, edged, or stitched. No garters, but what were made of crewel, wollen, thread, or leather. They were not allowed to carry either sword or dagger, but a knife only. All rings, jewels, gold, or silk, were forbidden on any part of their dress. Nor were they allowed to frequent any dancing, fencing, or musical schools, under very severe penalties, one of which was to be publicly whipped in the hall of their company. In our times, when the present style of dress levels all distinctions, the apprentice is often more gaily attired than his master, and attends publick diversions with as much ardour and liberty as the peer who helps to support that master.

#### EXTERIOR OF THE CITY OF PEKIN.

THE walls of Pekin, like those of Tongchow, are built of brick, with a foundation of stone; they are of considerable thickness, the body of them being of mud, so that the masonry may be considered a facing: there is not, however, sufficient strength at the top to allow guns of large calibre being mounted in the embrasures. At all the gates, and at certain intervals, there are towers of immense height, with four ranges of embrasures intended for cannon; none are actually mounted, but in their stead are some imitations of wood. Besides the tower, a wooden building of several stories marks the gateways: one of these buildings is highly decorated; the projecting roofs, diminishing in size according to their height, are covered with green and yellow tiles, that have a very brilliant effect under the rays of the sun. A wet ditch skirts a part of the walls. Pekin is situated on a plain; its lofty walls, with their numerous bastions and stupendous towers, certainly give it an imposing appearance, not unworthy

the capital of a great empire. On the side near Hai-teen, is a large common, wholly uncultivated; a remarkable circumstance so near Pekin. There are large tracts of ground covered with the *nelumbium*, or water lily, near the walls, which from the luxuriant vegetation of this plant, are extremely grateful to the eye. The Tartarian mountains, with their blue and immeasurable summits, are the finest objects in the vicinity of Pekin.

#### DRESS OF THE CEYLONESE LADIES.

THOUGH the dress of these females is but little regarded amidst the domestick circle of home, yet few women display more taste when attired in their out-door costume; which consists of a short frock, with long sleeves of very fine white calico, worked in flowers and branches of coloured embroidery. They ornament their wrists with silver bracelets, as likewise their ancles and toes with rings of the same metal. Necklaces of beads and silver, of the most curious workmanship, adorn their throats, and hang in rows down to the bust. Gems set in silver or gold, and beautifully engraved, hang in rich pendants from their ears. Their hair is profusely anointed with the oil of the cocoa nut, and is combed back from their face, flowing gracefully down their backs: but as it is reckoned a great ornament to have a very thick head of hair, they wear artificial tresses, fastened to a plate of silver or gold, which they mingle with part of their own, and tie it up in a knot on the back part of the head. A scarf, of striped or flowered silk, is generally thrown, in easy and graceful drape, over their shoulders: and their waists are confined by two silver girdles, with silver plates handsomely engraved: these girdles are made to hang down on each side, one crossing the other behind.



REMARKS ON THE PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENTS IN FASHION AND DRESS.

IN the year 1741 the English ladies wore their hair cut very short, curled, and powdered, after the fashion then adopted in France. Their stays were very stiff, long waisted, and very ill shaped: while a French hoop completed their dress. The married ladies wore a dress, the large plaits of which descended from between the shoulders, and this dress was called a *sacque*; the young ladies wore robe-coats, as they were called, which were a kind of slips that had an ornament of doubled silk, resembling the robe, depending from each shoulder, and these were called hanging sleeves. A lady of quality, at that period, writing to her friend, says in one of her letters, "I do not feel at home in my own house without an apron; nor can I endure a hoop, that would overturn all the chairs and stools in my closet."

But the greatest absurdity at that time, and which had long continued, was the patching of the face in different figures: and the following may be relied on as a very authentic

ANECDOTE OF FASHION.

THIS curious circumstance is related by Sir Kenelm Digby, on the custom of placing patches on the face in the year 1658, and which was actually a well known fact at the English court at that period.

A lady, who was a near relation to Sir Kenelm, and granddaughter to Count Arundel, paid him a visit. She was then in all the pride of beauty, which she endeavoured to heighten by artificial embellishments, and was particularly nice in her patches, to which ornament, or rather disfigurement, Sir Kenelm had an unconquerable aversion. The lady being pregnant, he said to her, "Have you no apprehension that your child may be born with half-moons upon its face, or, rather that all the black which you bear up and down in small portions, may assemble in one, and appear in the middle of its forehead?"—This remonstrance occasioned her leaving off the custom of patching; but his words made such an impression on her imagination, that the daughter she soon afterwards produced, was born with a black spot, as large as a crown piece, in the middle of her forehead.

---

THE GIPSEY'S PROPHECY.

---

From Ackerman's Repository for May, 1818.

**A**N Austrian officer, Baron von W—, who had served in the last war against the Turks, in the Szekler hussars, resided for a few years at B—. He took delight in speaking of the various extraordinary events which occurred in the course of his campaigns. The following story is given in the words in which the baron himself related it.

In the spring of the year 1788, I set out from Miclos-Var in Tran-

sylvania for the purpose of conducting some recruits to my regiment, then stationed in the neighbourhood of Orsowa. In a village near the army lived a gipsy-woman, who followed the trade of a sutler. My new soldiers, who were very superstitious, asked her to tell them their fortune; I ridiculed them, and laughing heartily, presented my hand to the fortune-teller.

*The twentieth of August!* said she to me with a significant look, and



without adding a syllable. I wished for a farther explanation, but she repeated the same words; and as I was going away she again cried out to me in the same tone—*The twentieth of August!* It may easily be conceived that this date was impressed upon my memory.

We reached the army, the fatigues and dangers of which we shared. It is generally known that in this war the Turks took no prisoners. Their officers set the price of a ducat upon each head which they brought to the camp. The Janissaries and Spahis neglected no opportunity of earning this reward. This arrangement proved particularly fatal to our advanced posts. Scarcely a night passed but the Turks came in superiour numbers in quest of heads. Their excursions were conducted with such secrecy and despatch, that they were but seldom unsuccessful, and often at daybreak the camp was found guarded only by headless trunks. The Prince of Coburg determined to send every night strong picquets of cavalry beyond the line of videttes, to protect them. The picquets were composed of from one to two hundred men; but the Turkish generals, enraged at seeing their people disturbed in their trade, despatched still more numerous detachments against our picquets, which procured them a much larger profit. The service of the picquets thus became so dangerous, that when a person was sent upon it, he arranged his affairs before he set out.

Such was the state of things in the month of August. Some actions had not changed the position of the army. About a week before the 20th the gipsy-woman, of whom I had often purchased provisions, made her appearance. She entered my tent, and entreated me to leave her a legacy in case I should perish on the day she had predict-

ed; and offered to engage, in case I should not, to make me a gratuitous present of a basket of Tokay wine. This wine is very rare in the army. I thought the woman silly. In my profession a speedy death was by no means improbable; but I had no reason for expecting it precisely on the 20th of August. I agreed to the bargain: I wagered two horses and fifty ducats against the old woman's Tokay wine, and the auditor of the regiment, not without smiling, committed our agreement to writing.

The 20th of August arrived. There was no appearance of hostility. It was the turn of our regiment to furnish a picquet for the night: but two of my comrades were to precede me. The evening came, and as the hussars were about to depart, the surgeon announced to the general that the officer appointed to the picquet had fallen dangerously ill. The officer who was next in turn before me was ordered to take his place: he hastily dressed himself, and prepared to rejoin his men, but his horse, a good-tempered and fine animal, suddenly reared, and at length threw his rider, who had his leg broken by the fall. It was now my turn: I set out, but I confess not in my usual spirits.

I commanded eighty men, and was joined by one hundred and twenty belonging to another regiment, making in all two hundred. Our station was about a thousand paces in front of the right wing, and we were supported upon a marsh covered with very high reeds: we had no sentinels in advance, and none of us dismounted. We had orders to keep our sabres drawn and carbines loaded till daybreak. All was quiet for an hour and three quarters, when we heard a noise and shouts of *Allah! Allah!* and in an instant all the horses of the first rank were overthrown, either by the fire or the shock of from seven to eight



hundred Turks. They lost as many on their side, both by the impetuosity of their charge and the fire from our carbines. They knew the ground perfectly well; we were surrounded and defeated. They often fired at random: I received many sabre wounds as well from friends as foes: my horse was mortally wounded; he fell upon my right leg, and kept me down upon the bloody sand: the flashes of pistols threw some light upon this carnage.

I looked up, and saw our party defend themselves with the courage of despair; but the Turks, intoxicated with opium, made a horrible massacre; there was soon not a single Austrian but was extended on the ground. The conquerors seized the horses which were yet serviceable, plundered the dead and wounded, and then cut off their heads and put them into sacks, which they had brought expressly for the purpose. My situation was not very enviable. In the Szekler corps we were pretty well acquainted with the Turkish language: I heard them encouraging one another to finish before assistance arrived, and not to leave a ducat behind, adding there could not be fewer than two hundred of us; hence it is evident that they were well informed. While they passed and re-passed over me—while legs, arms, and balls flew over my head in all directions, my horse received another wound, which caused him to make a convulsive motion. My leg was disengaged, and I immediately determined, if possible, to conceal myself among the reeds of the marsh. I had seen several of our men taken in the attempt to do so; but the firing had considerably slackened, and the surrounding darkness inspired me with hope. I had only twenty paces to go, but was apprehensive of sinking in the mud. I, however, leaped over men

and horses, and upset more than one Turk: they extended their arms to seize me, and cut at me with their sabres; but my good fortune and agility enabled me to reach the marsh, where I sunk no deeper than my knee: in this manner I proceeded about twenty paces among the reeds, when I stopped, overcome by fatigue. I soon heard a Turk cry out, "An infidel has escaped; let us go in quest of him!" others replied, "He could not have gone into the marsh." I know not how long they remained, but I heard no more: I fainted with the loss of blood, and continued insensible for several hours; for, when I recovered my faculties, the sun was already high.

I was immersed in the marsh up to my hips: my hair stood on end when I recollected the occurrences of the night, and the 20th of August was one of my first thoughts. I reckoned eight sabre wounds on my arms, breast, and back, none of which was dangerous. As the nights in summer are very cool in that country, I wore a very thick pelisse, which deadened the blows. Nevertheless, I was very weak: I listened: the Turks had long since departed: I heard from time to time the groans of the wounded horses—as to the men, the Turks had disposed of them.

I immediately determined to extricate myself from the place in which I was; and in about an hour I succeeded. The track which I had before made, served to direct me. Although a war against the Turks blunts all sensibility, I felt an emotion of horror, all alone as I was, when I looked out from among the reeds. I advanced; the field of carnage met my eye, but how can I describe my terror on feeling myself suddenly seized by the arm! I beheld an Arnaut, six feet high, who doubtless had returned to see if there was not still something



worth picking up. Was ever hope more cruelly disappointed? I addressed him in the Turkish language: "Take my money, my watch, my uniform, but do not kill me!"

"All that belongs to me," said he, "and your head into the bargain." He immediately took off the chin-cloth of my hussar cap, and then my cravat. I was unarmed, and consequently could not defend myself; at the least motion he would have plunged his large cutlass into my breast. I clasped him round the body in a supplicating manner, while he was engaged in laying my neck bare. "Take pity on me!" said I to him: "my family is rich; make me your prisoner: you shall have a large ransom."—"I should have to wait too long," replied he; "only be quiet that I may cut off your head." He had already taken out the pin of my shirt: I, however, still clung to him; he did not oppose it, doubtless because he confided on his strength and arms, and also from a slight feeling of pity, which in truth could not outweigh the hope of a ducat. As he pulled out my pin I felt something hard in his girdle—it was an iron hammer. He again repeated, "Be quiet!" and these words I should have heard, had not the horror of such a death impelled me to snatch his hammer: he did not observe it; he already held my head with one hand and his cutlas in the other, when by a sudden motion I disengaged myself, and without losing an instant, struck at him over the face with the hammer with all my force. The blow took effect; the Arnaut staggered—I repeated it, and he fell, at the same time dropping his weapon. I need not observe that I seized it, and plunged it several times into his body.

I now hastened towards our ad-

vanced posts, whose arms I saw glittering in the sun, and at length reached the camp. The men fled before me as from a spectre. The same day I was seized with a violent fever, and conveyed to the hospital.

In six weeks I recovered, and returned to the army. On my arrival the gipsy brought me her Tokay wine, and I learned from others, that, during my absence, several very precise predictions which she had made, had been verified, and procured her many consultations and legacies. This was very extraordinary.

Some time afterwards we were joined by two soldiers of the enemy, Christians from Servia, who had been employed in the baggage department of the Turkish army, but had deserted, to avoid being punished for some fault which they had committed. As soon as they saw our fortune-teller, they recognised her, and declared that she often came at night to the Turkish camp to apprise the enemy of our movements. This information greatly astonished us, for this woman had often rendered us important services, and we even admired the address with which she executed the most dangerous commissions. The deserters, nevertheless, persisted in their story, and added that they had several times been present when she described our positions to the Turks, discovered to them our plans, and urged them to make attacks, which had in reality taken place. A Turkish cipher served her for a passport. This convincing evidence being found upon her, she was sentenced to death as a spy. Previously to her execution, I again interrogated her respecting the prediction which she had made concerning me. She confessed that, by being a spy to both parties, which had procured her double profit, she had often



learned what was in contemplation on either side; that those who secretly consulted her respecting their future fortunes had confided many secrets to her, and that she was under some obligation to chance. As to what concerned me particularly, she had selected me to make a striking example, for the purpose of establishing her reputation as a fortune-teller, by predicting so long beforehand the term of my life.

At the approach of this period

she had excited the enemy on the night of the 20th of August to attack the picket of our regiment. From the conversation she had had with our officers, she learned that two were to precede me: she had sold to the one adulterated wine, which made him sick; as to the other, at the very moment he was about to set out, she approached as if to sell him something, and had contrived to introduce a bit of burning sponge into one of the nostrils of his horse.

## DESULTORY ESSAYS CONNECTED WITH LITERATURE.

From the Edinburgh Magazine, for March, 1818.

[We believe it will gratify several of our most intelligent readers to mention, that the following is the first of a series of prose essays from the elegant pen which has formerly enriched our poetical department with the verses entitled, "The Mossy Seat," "Melancholy," "Disappointment," "Ode to the spirit of Kosciusko," and other pieces of a similar description; a continued series of which, also, we have no common pleasure in being now enabled to promise.—*Edit.*]

### No. I.

#### ON THE MORAL CONSTITUTION OF CHILDE HAROLD.

"Oh! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"  
*Hamlet.*

**I**T is an undeniable fact, that there is no situation, among the varied gradations of civilized society, that is not productive of some peculiar pleasures and disadvantages to its possessor,—something, indeed, that favours the moral axiom, that Nature is no stepdame, but equally kind and beneficent to all her children. For, really, when we often see, what we have always been accustomed to esteem the best gifts which heaven bequeaths to man, productive of a restlessness and dissatisfaction of spirit allied to melancholy itself, and beholding all the contingencies of life in their worst lights, we are forcibly reminded of the comparative happiness of unambitious mediocrity, and turn with delight to the innocent and artless days, so faithfully delineated by Goldsmith, when we "thought cross purposes the highest stretch of human wit, and questions and commands the most

rational way of spending the evening." Our immortal Burns, too, if he did not suggest, at least concurred in, the remark, that there could be no surer way of rendering one of our species miserable, than by endowing him with extraordinary sensibility, with appetencies of mind, which it would be difficult to supply, and with passions and powers beyond the run of common mortality. The opinion is not merely hazarded; it is one that is confirmed by melancholy experience, and attested by examples in every age, and by the misfortunes and unhappiness so frequently attendant on the possession of genius. We need scarcely substantiate our statement by adverting to the latter days of Swift, and Collins, and Beattie,—to the gentle Otway, the melancholy Gray, or the unfortunate Chatterton; for, except in the almost supernatural instance of Rousseau, it never was exhibited in such strong and vivid lines, as in the illustrious author of the work now before us. There seem to be melancholy ideas for ever floating on his mind, and overshadowing, with a sad and sombre twilight, all his prospects, and breathing, like the simoom, "the most lone wind of the desert," destruction over all his happiness, and desolation over all his hopes, and which have often driven him from



the settled society of his fellow men, "to breath the difficult air of the iced mountain top," to hold converse with the fountains and with the forests, and keep up a proud communion with the mysteries and the majesty of nature.

To our more unimagivative readers, we are conscious that these reflections will appear to savour of enthusiasm, and be reckoned as descriptive not of the poet, but of his ideal personage; not of Lord Byron, but of Childe Harold. It may be so; for we confess that we were never able to discover the line of distinction between them. The incidents by which the Childe is first introduced to us, and the causes of the morbid melancholy of his heart, may be different. We trust, at least, that the causes are so; but, whatever the excitements may have been, the state of mind induced is unquestionably the same in both. Lord Byron has too much respect for himself, to yield to an overweening inclination, if its seductions led him to be suspected of egotism; and he has therefore adopted the most delicate mode of communicating to the world his own feelings, and reflections, and sorrows; and of displaying and awakening into exertion the powers and passions of a mind, so richly endowed, and so proudly elevated, as to have little sympathy for the pursuits and objects that agitate the minds and occupy the attention of his less gifted brethern of mankind.

We do not agree with his Lordship, that Childe Harold is a repulsive personage; we think him wholly the reverse, though we cannot well define the nameless something that induces us to sympathize in all the loathings, and sicknesses, and melancholy of his heart, and seduces us to admire the daring pride, and the dangerous precepts of his cheerless and gloomy philosophy. Notwithstanding all our researches in the labyrinth of mind, and all the ingenious theories that have been brought

forward to explain its wonders, there are some phenomena which have hitherto appeared incongruous and inexplicable; and, as an example, we may cite the uncontroverted, yet apparently paradoxical, axiom of Rouchefoucault, that "there is always something in the misfortunes of our dearest friends not displeasing to us." It is not a barbarous triumph over their unhappiness; and it does not arise from a want of sympathy for their sufferings; it is a far more noble and generous emotion; it is allied to what Ossian has happily denominated "the joy of grief." We are confident, that if Childe Harold had been represented to us in his feelings, and reflections, and conduct, as a gay, an innocent, and a happy being, "more sinned against than sinning;" pleased with all he beheld and with all he heard; at peace with himself and every thing around him, that neither his gaiety, innocence, nor happiness, could have made such an impression on the mind.

It is remarkable, also, that the Childe Harold, of the first and second cantos, is not the Childe Harold of the third. In the space that elapses between his pilgrimage through Greece, and his reappearance on the plains of Waterloo, his moral constitution seems to have undergone a remarkable change. It is true, that his curses on the despot are as long and loud,—and his disdain of the slave as deep and rooted,—and his admiration of patriotism as warm and fervent on the field of Morat, as on the plains of Marathon;—that his tenderness for female beauty, and female fidelity, is equally great;—and that his affection for the innocence of childhood remains unabated. In these feelings there is no change; but it is not to these that we allude. The Childe is introduced to us as one who is satiated with the luxuries of life, and disgusted with the selfishness of the world;—one, who considers all his kind as faithless and unfeeling beings, divested of



gratitude for good offices, and sympathy for affliction ; and he forsakes his native land

Pained, and pining in the dearth,  
And darkness of his spirits view—

to traverse the ocean waves, and make the wide world his country. It is not to form new friendships, for he abjures his kind, and despises their companionship ;—he is aware that human life consists of agitation, and feels that the mind must be employed ;—yet he has no object to place on the pedestal of the image he has torn from its niche ;—though the world presents him with nothing capable of arresting his attachment, like the St. Leon of Godwin, or the Lardulad of Southey, he feels endowed with a supernatural portion of vital energy ;—and though surrounded by human beings, he is conscious that his curse is solitude.

It is natural for the mourner to shut his ears to the shouts of mirth, yet to turn his heart to the retrospective contemplation of happiness, and take delight only in what coincides and associates with his own feelings. The Childe, as it were instinctively, looks towards Greece, where he beholds the reflected image of himself ;—the smiles of happiness turned into mourning, and the garden of existence into a desolate wilderness. It is with these feelings of loathing, loneliness, and disgust, that he traverses the lovely but degraded regions of the Morea, contrasts its present abject state with its former dignity, grandeur, and elevation ; wandering among the ivied columns “ which Time and Turk have spared,” and heaving many a sigh, as he perceives

“ The fiery souls, that might have led  
Her sons to deeds sublime,  
Now crawl from cradel to the grave,  
Slaves—nay the bondsmen of a slave,  
And callous—save to crime !”

At length a new era opens in his mind. He seems to be impregnated

with the mystical philosophy of Wordsworth, and feels himself to exist less as an individual of a particular species, than as a portion of an eternal spirit, that animates and pervades every thing within the dominions of Nature.

“ Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends ;

Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home ;  
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,  
He had the passion and the power to roam ;  
The desert, forest cavern, breaker's foam,  
Were unto him companionship ; they spake  
A mutual language, clearer than the tone  
Of his land's tongue which he would oft forsake  
For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.”

Whether these emotions have spontaneously arisen within him, and the beautiful and variegated banks of the Rhine, and the shores of Lake Lemman, and the sublime and lonely regions of the Alps, were esteemed the most fit places for their development and indulgence ; or whether it was the scenery itself that kindled these emotions, we do not know,—though we rather imagine that the latter is the case. At all events, it is evident, that his Lordship had been studying Wordsworth ; that he was captivated with the delirating tone that pervades his compositions ; and, that he was himself smitten with an enthusiastick admiration of all natural objects ; and with the desire of defining aspirations to others, which are, in fact, mysterious, and inexplicable to himself. Notwithstanding this great and inherent deformity, there is a majesty and commanding force, a dignity of thought, and a depth of pathos, in the delineation, and in the dissection of these feelings, which we have never seen equalled elsewhere ; and which, we have little doubt, will place the third canto of Childe Harold in the eyes of posterity, among the most noble and successful efforts of this sombre, but truly sublime genius. M.



## POETRY.

## BEPPPO—a Venetian Story.

BY LORD BYRON.

*Rosalind.* Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits: disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your Nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think that you have swam in a Gondola. *As You Like it. Act IV. Sc. 1.*

*Annotation of the Commentators.*

That is, been at *Venice*, which was much visited by the young English gentlemen of those times, and was then what *Paris* is now—the seat of all dissoluteness.

S. A.

I.

'TIS known, at least it should be, that throughout All countries of the Catholic persuasion, Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about, The people take their fill of recreation, And buy repentance, ere they grow devout, However high their rank, or low their station, With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masquing, And other things which may be had for asking.

II.

The moment night with dusky mantle covers The skies (and the more duskily the better,) The time less liked by husbands than by lovers, Begins, and prudery flings aside her fetter; And gayety on restless tiptoe hovers, Giggling with all the gallants who beset her; And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming, Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.

III.

And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical, Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews, And harlequins and clowns, which feats gymnastical, Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos; All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical, All people, as their fancies hit, may choose, But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy, Therefore take heed, ye Freethinkers! I charge ye.

IV.

You'd better walk about begirt with briars Instead of coat and smallclothes, than put on A single stitch reflecting upon friars, Although you swore it only was in fun; They'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the fires Of Phlegethon with every mother's son, Nor say one mass to cool the cauldron's bubble That build your bones, unless you paid them double.

V.

But saving this, you may put on whate'er You like by way of doublet, cape, or cloak, Such as in Monmouth-street, or in Rag Fair, Would rig you out in seriousness or joke; And even in Italy such places are With prettier names in softer accents spoke, For, bating Covent Garden, I can hit on No place that's called "Piazza" in Great Britain.

VI.

This feast is named the Carnival, which being Interpreted, implies "farewell to flesh:" So call'd, because the name and thing agreeing, Through Lent they live on fish both salt and fresh. But why they usher Lent with so much glee in, Is more than I can tell, although I guess 'Tis as we take a glass with friends at parting, In the stage-coach or packet, just at starting.

VII.

And thus they bid farewell to carnal dishes, And solid meats, and highly spic'd ragouts, To live for forty day's on ill-dress'd fishes, Because they have no sauces to their stews, A thing which causes many "poohs" and "pishes," And several oaths (which would not suit the Muse,) From travellers accusom'd from a boy To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy;

VIII.

And therefore humbly I would recommend "The curious in fish-sauce," before they cross The sea, to bid their cook, or wife, or friend, Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in gross

(Or if set out beforehand, these may send By any means least liable to loss.) Ketchup, Soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey, Or, by the Lord! a Lent will well nigh starve ye;

IX.

That is to say, if your Religion's Roman, And you at Rome would do as Romans do, According to the proverb,—although no man, If foreign, is oblig'd to fast: and you, If protestant, or sickly, or a woman, Would rather die in sin on a ragout—Dine, and be d—d! I don't mean to be coarse, But that's the penalty, to say no worse.

X.

Of all the places where the Carnival Was most facetious in the days of yore, For dance, and song, and serenade, and ball, And masque, and mime, and mystery, and more Than I have time to tell now, or at all, Venice the bell from every city bore, And at the moment when I fix my story, That sea-born city was in all her glory.

XI.

They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians, Black eyes, arch'd brows, and sweet expressions still, Such as of old were copied from the Grecians, In ancient arts by moderns mimick'd ill; And like so many Venuses of Titian's (The best's at Florence—see it, if ye will,) They look when leaning over the balcony, Or stepping from a picture by Giorgione,

XII.

Whose tints are truth and beauty at their best; And when you to Manfrini's palace go, That picture (howsoever fine the rest) Is loveliest to my mind of all the show; It may perhaps be also to your zest, And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so, 'Tis but a portrait of his son, and wife, And self; but such a woman! love in life!

XIII.

Love in full life and length, not love ideal, No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name, But something better still, so very real, That the sweet model must have been the same; A thing that you would purchase, beg, or steal, Wer't not impossible, besides a shame: The face recalls some face, as 'twere with pain, You once have seen, but ne'er will see again;

XIV.

One of those forms which flit by us, when we Are young, and fix our eyes on every face; And, oh! the loveliness at times we see In momentary gliding, the soft grace. The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree, In many a nameless being we retrace, Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall know Like the lost Pleiad\* seen no more below.

XV.

I said that like a picture by Giorgione Venetian women were, and so they are, Particularly seen from a balcony, (For beauty's sometimes best set off afar) And there, just like a heroine of Goldoni, They peep from out the blind, or o'er the bar; And, truth to say, they're mostly very pretty, And rather like to show it, more's the pity!

XVI.

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs, Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter, Which flies on wings of light-heeled Mercuries, Who do such things because they know no better; And then, God knows, what mischief may arise, When love links too young people in one fetter, Vile assignations, and adulterous beds, Elopements, broken vows, and hearts and heads

XVII.

Shakspeare described the sex in Desdemona As very fair, but yet suspect in fame, And to this day from Venice to Verona Such matters may be probably the same, Except that since those times was never known a Husband whom mere suspicion could inflame

\* "Que septem dici sex tamen esse solent," Ovid:



To suffocate a wife no more than twenty,  
Because she had a "cavalier servente."

XVIII.

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)  
Is of a fair complexion altogether,  
Not like that sooty devil of Othello's  
Which smothers women in a bed of feather,  
But worthier of these much more jolly fellows,  
When weary of the matrimonial tether  
His head for such a wife no mortal bothers.  
But takes at once another, or another's.

XIX.

Did'st ever see a gondola? For fear  
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:  
'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,  
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,  
Rowed by two rowers, each called "Gondolier."  
It glides along the water looking blackly,  
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,  
Where none can make out what you say or do.

XX.

And up and down the long canals they go,  
And under the Rialto shoot along  
By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,  
And round the theatres, a sable throng,  
They wait in their dusk livery of wo,  
But not to them do woful things belong,  
For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,  
Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.

XXI.

But to my story.—'Twas some years ago,  
It may be thirty, forty, more or less,  
The carnival was at its height, and so  
Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress;  
A certain lady went to see the show,  
Her real name I know not, nor can guess,  
And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,  
Because it slips into my verse with ease.

XXII.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years  
Which certain people call a "certain age,"  
Which yet the most uncertain age appears,  
Because I never heard, nor could engage  
A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,  
To name, define by speech, or write on page,  
The period meant precisely by that word,—  
Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

XXIII.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best  
Of time, and time returned the compliment,  
And treated her genteely, so that, drest,  
She looked extremely well where'er she went:  
A pretty woman is a welcome guest,  
And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent,  
Indeed she shone all smiles, and seemed to flatter  
Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

XXIV.

She was a married woman; 'tis convenient,  
Because in Christian countries 'tis a rule  
To view their little slips with eyes more lenient;  
Whereas, if single ladies play the fool,  
(Unless within the period intervenient,  
A well-tuned wedding make the scandal cool)  
I don't know how they ever can get over it,  
Except they manage never to discover it.

XXV.

Her husband sailed upon the Adriatic,  
And made some voyages, too, in other seas,  
And when he lay in quarantine for pratique,  
(A forty days' precaution 'gainst disease.)  
His wife would mount, at times, her highest attick,  
For thence she could discern the ship with ease:  
He was a merchant trading to Aleppo,  
His name Giuseppe, called more briefly, Beppo.\*

XXVI.

He was a man as dusky as a Spaniard,  
Sunburnt with travel, yet a portly figure;  
Though coloured, as it were, within a tanyard,  
He was a person both of sense and vigour—  
A better seaman never yet did man yard:  
And she, although her manners showed no rigour,  
Was deemed a woman of the strictest principle,  
So much as to be thought almost invincible.

XXVII.

But several years elapsed since they had met;  
Some people thought the ship was lost, and some  
That he had somehow blundered into debt,  
And did not like the thoughts of steering home;  
And there were several offered any bet,  
Or that he would, or that he would not come,

\*Beppo is the Joe of the Italian Joseph.

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)  
Will back their own opinions by a wager.

XXVIII.

And Laura waited long, and wept a little,  
And thought of wearing weeds, as well she might;  
She almost lost all appetite for victual,  
And could not sleep with ease alone at night;  
She deemed the window-frames and shutters brittle,  
Against a daring house-breaker or sprite,  
And so she thought it prudent to connect her  
With a vice-husband, chiefly to protect her.

XXIX.

She chose, (and what is there they will not choose,  
If only you will but oppose their choice?)  
'Till Beppo should return from his long cruise,  
And bid once more her faithful heart rejoice,  
A man some women like, and yet abuse—  
A coxcomb was he by the publick voice;  
A count of wealth, they said, as well as quality,  
And in his pleasures of great liberality.

XXX.

And then he was a count, and then he knew  
Musick and dancing, fiddling, French and Tuscan;  
The last not easy, be it known to you,  
For few Italians speak the right Etruscan.  
He was a critick upon operas, too,  
And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin  
And no Venetian audience could endure a  
Song, scene, or air, when he cried "seccatura."

XXXI.

His "bravo" was decisive, for that sound  
Hushed "academick," sighed in silent awe;  
The fiddlers trembled as he looked around,  
For fear of some false note's detected flaw.  
The "prima donna's" tuneful heart would bound,  
Dreading the deep damnation of his "bah!"  
Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,  
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto.

XXXII.

He patroniz'd the Improvisatori,  
Nay, could himself extemporize some stanzas,  
Wrote rhymes, sang songs, could also tell a story,  
Sold pictures, and was skilful in the dance as  
Italians can be, though in this their glory  
Must surely yield the palm to that which France has;  
In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,  
And to his very valet seem'd a hero.

XXXIII.

Then he was faithful, too, as well as amorous;  
So that no sort of female could complain,  
Although they're now and then a little clamorous,  
He never put the pretty souls in pain,  
His heart was one of those which most enamour us,  
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.  
He was a lover of the good old school,  
Who still become more constant as they cool.

XXXIV.

No wonder such accomplishments should turn  
A female head, however sage and steady—  
With scarce a hope that Beppo could return,  
In law he was almost as good as dead, he  
Nor sent, nor wrote, nor show'd the least concern,  
And she had waited several years already;  
And really if a man won't let us know  
That he's alive, he's dead, or should be so.

XXXV.

Besides, within the Alps, to every woman  
(Although, God knows, it is a grievous sin,)  
'Tis, I may say, permitted to have two men;  
I can't tell who first brought the custom in,  
But "Cavalier Serventes" are quite common,  
And no one notices, nor cares a pin;  
And we may call this (not to say the worst)  
A second marriage which corrupts the first.

XXXVI.

The word was formerly a "Cisisseo,"  
But that is now grown vulgar and indecent;  
The Spaniards call the person a "Cortejo."\*  
For the same mode subsists in Spain, though recent;  
In short it reaches from the Po to Teio,  
And may perhaps at last be o'er the sea sent.  
But Heaven preserve Old England from such courses!  
Or what becomes of damage and divorces?

XXXVII.

But "Cavalier Servente" is the phrase  
Used in politest circles to express

\*"Cortejo," is pronounced "Cortejo," with an aspirate, according to the Arabesque guttural. It means what there is as yet no precise name for in England, though the practice is as common as in any tramontane country whatever.



This supernumerary slave, who stays  
Close to the lady as a part of dress,  
Her word the only law which he obeys.  
His is no sinecure, as you may guess;  
Coach, servants, gondola, he goes to call,  
And carries fan, and tippet, gloves, and shawl.

XXXVIII.

For all these sinful doings, I must say,  
That Italy's a pleasant place to me,  
Who love to see the Sun shine every day,  
And vines (not nail'd to walls) from tree to tree  
Festoon'd, much like the back scene of a play,  
Or melodrame, which people flock to see,  
When the first act is ended by a dance  
In vineyards copied from the south of France.

XXXIX.

I like on Autumn evenings to ride out,  
Without being forc'd to bid my groom be sure  
My cloak is round his middle strapp'd about,  
Because the skies are not the most secure;  
I know too that, if stopp'd upon my route,  
Where the green alleys windingly allure,  
Reeling with grapes red wagons choak the way,—  
In England 'twould be dung, dust, or a dray.

XL.

I also like to dine on becaficas,  
To see the sun set, sure he'll rise to-morrow,  
Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as  
A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow,  
But with all Heaven t' himself; that day will break as  
Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forc'd to borrow  
That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers  
Where reeking London's smoky cauldron simmers.

XLI.

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,  
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,  
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,  
With syllables which breathe of the sweet South,  
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,  
That not a single accent seems uncouth.  
Like our harsh northern whistling, grunting guttural,  
Which we're oblig'd to hiss, and spit, and sputter all.

XLII.

I like the women too (forgive my folly),  
From the rich peasant-cheek of ruddy bronze,  
And large black eyes that flash on you a volley  
Of rays that say a thousand things at once,  
To the high dama's brow, more melancholy,  
But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance,  
Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,  
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

XLIII.

Eve of the land which still is Paradise!  
Italian beauty! didst thou not inspire  
Raphael,\* who died in thy embrace, and vies  
With all we know of Heaven, or can desire,  
In what he hath bequeath'd us?—in what guise,  
Though flashing from the fervour of the lyre,  
Would words describe thy past and present glow,  
While yet Canova can create below?

XLIV.

"England! with all thy faults I love thee still,"  
I said at Calais, and have not forgot it;  
I like to speak and lucubrate my fill;  
I like the government (but that is not it);  
I like the freedom of the press and quill;  
I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've got it);  
I like a parliamentary debate,  
Particularly when 'tis not too late.

XLV.

I like the taxes, when they're not too many;  
I like a seacoal fire, when not too dear;  
I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any;  
Have no objection to a pot of beer;  
I like the weather, when it is not rainy,  
That is, I like two months of every year.  
And so God save the Regent, Church, and King!  
Which means that I like all and every thing.

\*For the received accounts of the cause of Raphael's death, see his Lives.

†Note.

(In talking thus, the writer, more especially  
Of women, would be understood to say,  
He speaks as a spectator, not officially,  
And always, reader, in a modest way;  
Perhaps, too, in no very great degree shall he  
Appear to have offended in this lay,  
Since, as all know, without the sex, our sonnets  
Would seem unfinish'd like their untrim'd bonnets.)  
(Signed) PRINTER'S DEVIL.

XLVI.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,  
Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt,  
Our little riots just to show we are free men,  
Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,  
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,  
All these I can forgive, and those forget,  
And greatly venerate our recent glories,  
And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

XLVII.

But to my tale of Laura,—for I find  
Digression is a sin, that by degrees  
Becomes exceedingly tedious to my mind,  
And, therefore, may the reader too displease—  
The gentle reader, who may wax unkind,  
And caring little for the author's ease,  
Insist on knowing what he means, a hard  
And hapless situation for a bard.

XLVIII.

Oh that I had the art of easy writing  
What should be easy reading! could I scale  
Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing  
Those pretty poems never known to fail,  
How quickly would I print (the world delighting)  
A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale;  
And sell you, mix'd with western sentimentalism,  
Some samples of the finest Orientalism.

XLIX.

But I am but a nameless sort of person,  
(A broken Dandy lately on my travels)  
And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on,  
The first that Walker's Lexicon unravels,  
And when I can't find that, I put a worse on,  
Not caring as I ought for critics' cavils;  
I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,  
But verse is more in fashion—so here goes!

L.

The Count and Laura made their new arrangement,  
Which lasted, as arrangements sometimes do,  
For half a dozen years without estrangement;  
They had their little differences, too;  
Those jealous whiffs, which never any change meant:  
In such affairs there probably are few  
Who have not had this pouting sort of squabble,  
From sinners of high station to the rabble.

LI.

But on the whole, they were a happy pair,  
As happy as unlawful love could make them;  
The gentleman was fond, the lady fair,  
Their chains so slight, 'twas not worth while to  
break them:

The world beheld them with indulgent air;  
The pious only wish'd "the devil take them!"  
He took them not; he very often waits,  
And leaves old sinners to be young ones' baits.

LII.

But they were young: Oh! what without our youth  
Would love be! What would youth be without love!  
Youth lends it joy, and sweetness, vigour, truth,  
Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above;  
But, languishing with years, it grows uncouth—  
One of few things experience don't improve,  
Which is, perhaps, the reason why old fellows  
Are always so preposterously jealous.

LIII.

It was the Carnival, as I have said  
Some six and thirty stanzas back, and so  
Laura the usual preparations made,  
Which you do when your mind's made up to go  
To-night to Mrs. Boehm's masquerade,  
Spectator, or partaker in the show;  
The only difference known between the cases  
Is—here, we have six weeks of "varnished faces."

LIV.

"Laura, when drest, was (as I sang before)  
A pretty woman as was ever seen,  
Fresh as the Angel o'er a new inn door,  
Or frontispiece of a new Magazine,  
With all the fashions which the last month wore,  
Coloured, and silver paper leav'd between  
That and the title-page, for fear the press  
Should soil with parts of speech the parts of dress."

LV.

They went to the Ridotto;—'tis a hall  
Where people dance, and sup, and dance again;  
Its proper name, perhaps, were a masqu'd ball,  
But that's of no importance to my strain;  
'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,  
Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain:  
The company is "mix'd" (the phrase I quote is,  
As much as saying, they're below your notice);



LVI.

For a "mixt company" implies that, save  
Yourself and friends, and half a hundred more,  
Whom you may bow to without looking grave,  
The rest are but a vulgar set, the bore  
Of publick places, where they basely brave  
The fashionable stare of twenty score  
Of well-bred persons, called "*the World*," but I,  
Although I know them, really don't know why.

LVII.

This is the case in England; at least was  
During the Dynasty of Dandies, now  
Perchance succeeded by some other class  
Of imitated imitators:—how  
Irreparably soon decline, alas!  
The demagogues of fashion: all below  
Is frail; how easily the world is lost  
By love, or war, and now and then by frost!

LVIII.

Crush'd was Napoleon by the northern Thor,  
Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer,  
Stopp'd by the *elements*, like a whaler, or  
A blundering novice in his new French grammar:  
Good cause had he to doubt the chance of war,  
And as for Fortune—but I dare not d—n her,  
Because, were I to ponder to infinity,  
The more I should believe in her divinity.

LIX.

She rules the present, past, and all to be yet,  
She gives us luck in lotteries, love, and marriage;  
I cannot say that she's done much for me yet;  
Not that I mean her bounties to disparage,  
We've not yet clos'd accounts, and we shall see yet  
How much she'll make amends for past miscarriage;  
Meantime the goddess I'll no more importune,  
Unless to thank her when she's made my fortune.

LX.

To turn,—and to return;—the devil take it!  
This story slips for ever through my fingers,  
Because, just as the stanza likes to make it,  
It needs must be—and so it rather lingers:  
This form of verse began, I can't well break it,  
But must keep time and tune like publick singers;  
But if I once get through my present measure,  
I'll take another when I'm next at leisure.

LXI.

They went to the Ridotto ('tis a place  
To which I mean to go myself to-morrow,  
Just to divert my thoughts a little space,  
Because I'm rather hippish, and may borrow  
Some spirits, guessing at what kind of face  
May lurk beneath each mask, and as my sorrow  
Slackens its pace sometimes, I'll make, or find,  
Something shall leave it half an hour behind.)

LXII.

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,  
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips;  
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud;  
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips,  
Complains of warmth, and this complaint avow'd,  
Her lover brings the lemonade, she sips;  
She then surveys, condemns, but pities still  
Her dearest friends for being drest so ill.

LXIII.

One has false curls, another too much paint,  
A third—where did she buy that frightful turban?  
A fourth's so pale she fears she's going to faint,  
A fifth's look's vulgar, dowdyish, and suburban,  
A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint,  
A seventh's thin muslin surely will be her bane,  
And lo! an eighth appears,—“I'll see no more!”  
For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

LXIV.

Mean time, while she was thus at others gazing,  
Others were levelling their looks at her:  
She heard the men's half-whisper'd mode of praising,  
And, till 'twas done, determin'd not to stir;  
The women only thought it quite amazing,  
That at her time of life so many were  
Admirers still,—but men are so debased,  
Those brazen creatures always suit their taste.

LXV.

For my part, now, I ne'er could understand  
Why naughty women—but I won't discuss  
A thing which is a scandal to the land,  
I only don't see why it should be thus;  
And if I were but in a gown and band,  
Just to entitle me to make a fuss,  
I'd preach on this till Wilberforce and Romilly  
Should quote in their next speeches from my homily.

LXVI.

While Laura thus was seen and seeing, smiling,  
Talking, she knew not why and cared not what,  
So that her female friends, with envy broiling,  
Beheld her airs, and triumph, and all that;  
And well drest males still kept before her filing,  
And passing bowed and mingled with her chat;  
More than the rest one person seemed to stare  
With pertinacity that's rather rare.

LXVII.

He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany;  
And Laura saw him, and at first was glad.  
Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,  
Although their usage of their wives is sad;  
'Tis said they use no better than a dog any  
Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad:  
They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit 'em,  
Four wives by law, and concubines "*ad libitum*."

LXVIII.

They lock them up, and veil, and guard them daily,  
They scarcely can behold their male relations,  
So that their moments do not pass so gayly  
As is supposed the case with northern nations;  
Confinement, too, must make them look quite palely:  
And as the Turks abhor long conversations,  
Their days are either past in doing nothing,  
Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

LXIX.

They cannot read, and so don't lisp in criticism;  
Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse:  
Were never caught in epigram or witticism,  
Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews,—  
In harams learning soon would make a pretty schism!  
But luckily these beauties are no "*blues*,"  
No bustling Botherbys have they to show 'em  
“That charming passage in the last new poem.”

LXX.

No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,  
Who having angled all his life for fame,  
And getting but a nibble at a time,  
Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same  
Small "*Triton of the minnows*," the sublime  
Of mediocrity, the furious tame,  
The echo's echo, usher of the school  
Of female wits; boy bards—in short, a fool!

LXXI.

A stalking oracle of awful phrase,  
The approving "*Good!*" (by no means *good* in law)  
Humming like flies around the newest blaze,  
The bluest of bluebottles you e'er saw,  
Teasing with blame, exerceiating with praise,  
Gorging the little fame he gets all raw,  
Translating tongues he knows not even by letter,  
And sweating plays so middling, bad were better.

LXXII.

One hates an author that's *all author*, fellows  
In foolscap uniforms turned up with ink,  
So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,  
One don't know what to say to them, or think,  
Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows;  
Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en the pink  
Are preferable to these shreds of paper,  
These unquenched snuffings of the midnight taper.

LXXIII.

Of these same we see several, and of others,  
Men of the world, who know the world like men,  
S—tt, R—s, M—re, and all the better brothers,  
Who think of something else besides the pen;  
But for the children of the "*mighty mother's*,"  
The would-be wits and can't-be gentlemen,  
I leave them to their daily "*tea is ready*,"  
Smug coterie, and literary lady.

LXXIV.

The poor dear Mussulwomen whom I mention  
Have none of these instructive pleasant people,  
And *one* would seem to them a new invention,  
Unknown as bells within a Turkish steeple;  
I think 'twould almost be worth while to pension  
(Though best-sown projects very often reap ill)  
A missionary author, just to preach  
Our Christian usage of the parts of speech.

LXXV.

No chemistry for them unfolds her gasses,  
No metaphysicks are let loose in lectures,  
No circulating library amasses  
Religious novels, moral tales, and strictures  
Upon the living manners, as they pass us;  
No exhibition glares with annual pictures;  
They gaze not on the stars from out their atticks,  
Nor deal (thank God for that!) in mathematicks.



## LXXVI.

Why I thank God for that is no great matter,  
I have my reasons, you no doubt suppose,  
And as, perhaps, they would not highly flatter,  
I'll keep them for my life (to come) in prose;  
I fear I have a little turn for satire,  
And yet methinks the older that one grows  
Inclines us more to laugh than scold, though laughter  
Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.

## LXXVII.

Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,  
Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,  
Which seems to say, "Madam, I do you honour,  
And while I please to stare, you'll please to stay;"  
Could staring win a woman, this had won her,  
But Laura could not thus be led astray,  
She had stood fire too long and well, to boggle  
Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.

## LXXVIII.

The morning now was on the point of breaking,  
A turn of time at which I would advise  
Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking  
In any other kind of exercise;  
To make their preparations for forsaking  
The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise,  
Because when once the lamps and candles fail,  
His blushes make them look a little pale.

## LXXIX.

I've seen some balls and revels in my time,  
And staid them over for some silly reason,  
And then I looked, (I hope it was no crime,)  
To see what lady best stood out the season;  
And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,  
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,  
I never saw but one, (the stars withdrawn,)  
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

## LXXX.

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,  
Although I might, for she was nought to me  
More than that patent work of God's invention,  
A charming woman, whom we like to see;  
But writing names would merit reprehension,  
Yet if you like to find out this fair *she*,  
At the next London or Parisian ball  
You still may mark her cheek, out-blooming all.

## LXXXI.

Laura, who knew it would not do at all  
To meet the daylight after seven hours sitting  
Among three thousand people at a ball,  
To make her curtsy thought it right and fitting;  
The count was at her elbow with her shawl,  
And they the room were on the point of quitting,  
When lo! those cursed gondoliers had got  
Just in the very place where they *should not*.

## LXXXII.

In this they're like our coachmen, and the cause  
Is much the same—the crowd, and pulling, hauling,  
With blasphemies enough to break their jaws,  
They make a never intermitted bawling.  
At home, our Bow-street gemmen keep the laws,  
And here a sentry stands within your calling;  
But, for all that, there is a deal of swearing,  
And nauseous words past mentioning or bearing.

## LXXXIII.

The Count and Laura found their boat at last,  
And homeward floated o'er the silent tide,  
Discussing all the dances gone and past;  
The dancers and their dresses, too, beside;  
Some little scandals eke: but all aghast  
(As to their palace stairs the rowers glide)  
Sate Laura, with a kind of comick horror,  
When lo! the Mussulman was there before her.

## LXXXIV.

"Sir," said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,  
"Your unexpected presence here will make  
It necessary for myself to crave  
"Its import? But perhaps 'tis a mistake;  
"I hope it is so; and at once to wave  
"All compliment, I hope so for *your* sake;  
"You understand my meaning, or you *shall*."  
"Sir," (quoth the Turk) "tis no mistake at all.

## LXXXV.

"That lady is *my wife*!" Much wonder paints  
The lady's changing cheek, as well it might;  
But where an Englishwoman sometimes faints,  
Italian females don't do so outright;  
They only call a little on their saints,  
And then come to themselves, almost or quite;  
Which saves much hartshorn, salts, & sprinkling faces,  
And cutting stays, as usual in such cases,

## LXXXVI.

She said,—what could she say? Why not a word:  
But the Count courteously invited in  
The stranger, much appeased by what he heard  
"Such things perhaps, we'd best discuss within,"  
Said he, "don't let us make ourselves absurd  
"In publick, by a scene, nor raise a din,  
"For then the chief and only satisfaction  
"Will be much quizzing on the whole transaction."

## LXXXVII.

They entered, and for coffee called,—it came,  
A beverage for Turks and Christians both,  
Although the way they make it's not the same.  
Now Laura, much recovered, or less loth  
To speak, cries "Beppo! what's your pagan name?"  
"Bless me! your beard is of amazing growth!"  
"And how came you to keep away so long!"  
"Are you not sensible 'twas very wrong?"

## LXXXVIII.

"And are you *really, truly*, now a Turk?"  
"With any other women did you wive?"  
"Is't true they use their fingers for a fork?"  
"Well, that's the prettiest shawl—as I'm alive!"  
"You'll give it me? They say you eat no pork."  
"And how so many years did you contrive  
"To—Bless me! did I ever? No, I never  
"Saw a man grown so yellow! How's your liver?"

## LXXXIX.

"Beppo! that beard of yours becomes you not;  
"It shall be shaved before you're a day older;  
"Why do you wear it? Oh! I had forgot—  
"Pray don't you think the weather here is colder?"  
"How do I look? You shan't stir from this spot  
"In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder  
"Should find you out, and make the story known.  
"How short your hair is! Lord! how gray it's grown!"

## XC.

What answer Beppo made to these demands,  
Is more than I know. He was cast away  
About where Troy stood once, and nothing stands;  
Became a slave of course, and for his pay  
Had bread and bastinadoes, till some bands  
Of pirates landing in a neighbouring bay,  
He joined the rogues and prospered, and became  
A renegade of indifferent fame.

## XCI.

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew so  
Keen the desire to see his home again,  
He thought himself in duty bound to do so,  
And not be always thieving on the main;  
Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,  
And so he hired a vessel come from Spain,  
Bound for Corfu; she was a fine polacca,  
Manned with twelve hands, and laden with tobacco.

## XCII.

Himself, and much (Heaven knows how gotten) cash,  
He then embarked, with risk of life and limb,  
And got clear off, although the attempt was rash;  
He said that *Providence* protected him—  
For my part, I say nothing, lest we clash  
In our opinions:—well, the ship was trim  
Set sail, and kept her reckoning fairly on,  
Except three days of calm when off Cape Bonn.

## XCIII.

They reached the island, he transferred his lading,  
And self and live-stock to another bottom,  
And passed for a true Turkey-merchant, trading  
With goods of various names, but I've forgot 'em.  
However, he got off by this evading,  
Or else the people would perhaps have shot him;  
And thus at Venice landed to reclaim  
His wife, religion, house, and Christian name.

## XCIV.

His wife received, the patriarch re-baptized him,  
(He made the church a present by the way;)   
He then threw off the garments which disguised him,  
And borrow'd the Counts small-clothes for a day:  
His friends the more for his long absence prized him,  
Finding he'd wherewithal to make them gay,  
With dinners, where he oft became the laugh of them,  
For stories,—but I don't believe the half of them.

## XCV.

Whate'er his youth had suffered, his old age  
With wealth and talking made him some amends;  
Though Laura sometimes put him in a rage,  
I've heard the Count and he were always friends.  
My pen is at the bottom of a page,  
Which being finished, here the story ends;  
'Tis to be wished it had been sooner done,  
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.